DREAMING.

I dreamed as I slept last night.
And because the wild wind blew;
And because the plash of the angry rain
Fell heavily on the window pane,
I heard in my dream the sob of the main
On the seaboard that I knew.

I dreamed as I slept last night.
And because the oaks outside
Swayed and groaned to the rushing blast,
I heard the crash of the stricken mast,
And the wailing shriek as the gale swept past,
And cordage and sail replied.

I dreamed as I slept last night.
And because my heart was there,
I saw where the stars shone large and bright
And the heather budded upon the hight,
With the Cross above it standing white;
My dream was very fair.

I dreamed as I slept last night.
And because of its charm for me,
The inland voices had power to tell
Of the sights and the sounds I love so well
And they wrapt my fancy in the spell,
Wove only by the sea.

—All the Year Round.

A Craze for Russian Novels.

In a literary way Boston is giving itself over to the reading of Russian novels. The two translations of Tchernychewsky's great Russian romance under the the titles, respectively, of "The Vital Question" and "What's To Be Done?" indicate a new current of interest in Russian literatnre and the growing sympathy with its problems of life. "The Vital Question" has for a leading motive the purpose to arouse the Russian people to the need of social progress through social freedom. One element in this movement is the advancement of woman, and this theme is incidentally introduced in the Russian novels from a different standpoint from that on which it is viewed in this country. The problems of love and marriage are presented in a vivid and intense manner impossible to American fiction, yet perhaps they are not exaggerated pictures of American life.

It is this element in Russian romance which is taking the popular hold in this country. We read in it that which we would neither dare read, nor even dare write, in our own country, and if there is traditional wisdom in the multitude of counselors, so in a multitude of translators we are apt to get, among them all, most of the glaring intensity of the original. The demand for these Russian stories has but just fairly begun; but it is a literary movement more widespread, more intense, than anything this country has probably seen within the past quarter of a century. The publishers and translators who are recognizing this demand and supplying it have grasped a remarkable field for success. There is a very wide popular response in America to the problems treated in Russian fiction, and no line of literature will be so extensively sought and deeply read.—Lilian Whiting's Boston Letter,

Advantages of Staying in Town.

Assuredly, one of the advantages of staying in town lies in the fact that you have not to come back. If the act of starting is depressing, that of returning is equally so. And is so, not only that the process of unpacking is about as tedious as its contrary, but because one is no sooner in one's favorite chair than one realizes how futile has been one's absence from it. Those who stay at home have at least this satisfaction—that they have no regrets, that they have been pursuing the even tenor of their way. They have been enjoying themselves after their own fashion. But, on the other hand, how transient is the impression made upon the holiday taker! There is nothing more doleful in the annual flight from the home than the rapidity with which it leaves the memory.

No sooner has one set one's foot within one's own doorway than one drops at once into the old habits both of act and thought. The interval since we left appears a dream. We can scarcely believe we have been away. It seems only yesterday since we set out on our pilgrimage. And now all is over. It is a sad reflection. It may be said, "At least we have had the change, and will be better for it." And physically we may, though not much. It is both singular and melancholy that when we resume our ordinary course of life it should be with so little recollection of the immediate past—so small a sense of permanent refreshment.—London Globe.

A Railroad in a Forest.

You never know or feel how utterly unpoetical and practical a railroad is until you come across it in the middle of the forest. Nature abhors a straight line, and everything beside it seems to protest against that double straight line of iron that looks all the harder and more defiant when the rails take the sunbeams and knock the sentiment out of them and turn them into hard metallic light. The trees seem to do their best to ignore the railroad in a dignified way, as becomes the monarchs of the forest. The shrubbery hangs over, not with the wooing or caressing movement that it has when it makes love to the brook below, but with a kind of mixture of fear and anger, as a dog treats a suspicious stranger.

The path crosses it, pursues its crooked way in and out and around trees and bushes, and wanders off erratically into the forest or up the hillside, but every now and again it turns toward the railroad track as if it had quite forgotten it, and stops abruptly with a kind of disgust of it said, "What, you here again!" and goes back into the woods again. Then the train comes along. Its sound is weird and unworldly in the sacred groves; its smoke never seems to penetrate the foliage, but is barred out, and nature seems to breathe again when the train, rushing as if it had as little love for nature as nature has for it, passes on to the open plain and the populous city.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Salt Water to Smother Flames.

Salt water, in the opinion of an old fireman, is what prevented the flames on the board walk at Atlantic City one Monday evening from spreading much beyond the structure where the fire broke out, and the results seemed to prove the truth of his declaration. Although the burning was surrounded by lightly-built frame structures, and the fire, at one time very big and fierce, was virtually walled within wood, the flames were finally controlled by the use only of hand buckets, with which water from the ocean was passed up to men stationed on the adjoining buildings. The salt water appeared to exert a peculiar influence in smothering the flames and in protecting exposed woodwork near them.—Chicago Times.

Fresh water sponges have been discovered in the lake at Chautauqua, N. Y.

"The Dancing Derby."

The new planchette is made in Chicago by nailing four short wooden legs under the rim of a man's hat by means of pins run through the cloth. On pieces of paper the letters of the alphabet are marked and so are the words "yes" and "no" on separate bits of paper. Persons with mediumistic or electrical qualities derive much fun from making the hat spell out words by leaping from letter to letter. The toy is called "The Dancing Derby."—New York Sun.

Colorado's Peculiar Winds.

"Well, no," said the Coloradan, "we don't have any winds to amount to anything, but it blows a few minutes there now and then. The winds are peculiar, too; I never saw anything like them anywhere else. They are what you might call discriminating breezes. I've seen a man go along the street, and it would be blowing a hurricane on one side of him; and on the other side it would be a dead calm. I've seen a mule stand braced against the wind blowing behind her, with her tail blown right up straight, and one ear put away ahead of her nose, while the ear on the other side would be in a natural, calm position, and that side of the beast would be sweating! It will take the skin off one side of your face and not touch the other. I saw a man with whiskers get one side of his face shaved by a wind like that, as clean as any barber could do it. A small boy and a dog were walking up the street with him at the time, and they each lost one ear. I've seen a man lose one leg of his pants and a coat tail, and get his hat knocked all over on one side. They don't do any particular damage, those winds, but they are as peculiar as can be!"—Descendant of S. W. in Salt Lake Tribune.

The Wolf and the Peasant—A Fable.

A peasant who was on watch while his flock of goats were feeding discovered a wolf prowling about and fired upon him. The wolf, who narrowly escaped being hit, advanced in great indignation and demanded:

"By what right do you fire upon me without having seen me commit some overt act?"

"My dear sir," replied the peasant as he proceeded to reload his gun, "the best time to fire at a wolf is before he has killed your goats."

MORAL.

Arrest your burglar before he burgles.—Detroit Free Press.

Art in Chicago.

Two gaudily attired ladies were observed recently inspecting the colossal statue of Schiller, of which Chicago is pardonably proud.

"What a remarkably large man he must have been," said one, craning her neck and gazing up at the flowing locks and prominent nose of the figure.

"Yes," replied the other, with the condescending air of one imparting knowledge, "The Scotch are always large men."—Detroit Free Press.

Examples of Tenderness.

Fogg—I really beg a thousand pardons. I fear I stepped on your dog. Little Miss Marigold—Oh, it doesn't matter! the dog isn't mine; he belongs to the other little girl.

TOUCHING DEVOTION.

Estelle—And are you going to leave me so soon, Augustus? Augustus—My love, I would willingly give ten years of my life if I could stay longer. But if I don't go I shall be fined for being late at a card party.—Chicago Rambler.

He Was From Minneapolis.

"Have you heard of that interesting case down east of a woman who was cured of paralysis by the miraculous power of a relic of St. Paul?"

"Yes, I have; but I'm from Minneapolis, and I wouldn't touch a relic of St. Paul with a ten foot pole."—Chicago Rambler.

A Bad Habit.

The habit of abbreviating everything one writes is a bad one. The Woburn Advertiser tells of seeing a communication which spoke of a lady appearing at the theatre in eve. costume.—Lynn Item.

Brevities.

Inconvenience is the father of invention.—Whitehall Times.

A hit in time saves the nine on many a ball field.—Newark Call.

Tobacco chewing is so popular in Illinois that a movement has been inaugurated to change the name of the lake city to Chewcago.—Life.

The superintendent of a county fair in Ohio economized time, space and paint, by putting up the sign, "Gr& St&." That's good ,n sense.—Burdette.

It is a sight to make angels snicker to see a nsherman pull out of the water a two-inch sucker with an outfit that costs him $25 or $30.—Boston Transcript.

"Garments without buttons" are advertised. Evidently the cast-off clothing of bachelors who don't know how to handle thread and needle.—Norristown Herald.

If the genius who informs you now that the days are growing shorter is not careful he will stumble over the equally valuable fact that the nights are growing longer.—New York Graphic.

Boston Girl—What do you think of Emerson, Mr. Wayoff? Mr. W. (from Cincinnati)—Well, Billy used to sing pretty well, but he never was very funny to me as Billy Rice or Charley Backus.—Chicago Rambler.

Someone is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m.—New Haven News.

Geronimo is not pronounced Gee-ronimo, but Heeronimo, says a morning editor. Hood hracious; what is he hiving us? What a hay and a hiddy style of talk this hentleman would het us into. By hosh, we won't have it. Ho to! Ho to!—Washington Critic.

Milwaukee has a summer school of philosophy, which is now in session discussing the "Henceness of the Wherefore and the Correlative Tooness of the Absolute Utter." The relation which these burning questions bear to the price of beer is of urgent importance to every citizen of Milwaukee.—Philadelphia Press.

Two friends meet in the street: "My dear fellow, I have just left my landlord. You wouldn't believe it, but I had the hardest work in the world to make him accept a little money." "Well, that is an unlikely story. I should call it highly improbable. But why?" "Why? Because he wanted a good deal!"—Tid Bits.

I do recall a pedagogue
Who would, whenever riled,
Proclaim "My motto's 'spare the rod
And you will spoil the child.'"
I did observe, however, as oft
With this we were beguiled,
The rod was not so very spare
With which he spoiled the child.
—Yonkers Gazette.

You may break up a habit, but it won't avail much; you must throw the pesky thing away, neck and heels, if you want to get rid of it. If you throw away the first letter you only anglicize it to "abit," the second, and you have a "bit" left, the third, "it" still remains, and even when you discard all but the last, you have the original to a "t."—Cincinnati Graphic.

The Power of the Tide.

A writer in The Galveston News calls attention to the fact that the greatest damage done on the beach during a recent storm along the [illegible] occurred after the tide had commenced to ebb. As the tide neared the velocity of the wind increased, forcing the water inward, while the receding tide exerted an outward pressure, thus causing a churning motion of the water to and fro and a whirlpool around every obstruction met, wrenching to pieces buildings which had fallen from their piling and undermining the piling of those still standing. Fence-posts two feet in the ground, from which the fences had been previously washed, were torn from the ground by this churning motion of the water, leaving holes where they stood from one foot to eighteen inches deep.—Chicago Times.